VOLUME LIV CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 9, 1905. NUMBER 24

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

SOUL'S PARADISE.

All zones I searched—in pain—in glee—
For Paradise, sweet Paradise.
Its stately towers I ne'er could see:
Faint Paradise, far Paradise.

Still on I toiled courageously
Tow'rd Paradise, dear Paradise.
As I approached, it's walls would flee:
Sad Paradise, fool Paradise.

I ceased my quest! It then found me!
Close Paradise, self-Paradise!
Now hourly, where I go or be
Is Paradise, soul's Paradise.

James H. West.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

November Violets—ERNEST MCGAFFEY 371
Notes 371
Calvin in the Twentieth Century—E. P. POWELL 373
Abraham Lincoln—WILLIAM BRUNTON 374
Song of Toil—*Bishop Huntington* 374
IN MEMORIAM—
Jessie Bross Lloyd—EDWIN D. MEAD 374
Clara Bicknell Hodgin—GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP 376
Laura B. James—ALICE BALL LOOMIS 377
A Little Minister—*Florence Earle Coates* 377
THE PULPIT—
The Newly Found "Biggest Diamond"—JENKIN LLOYD JONES 377
CORRESPONDENCE—
The New York Conference of Religion—JAMES M. WHITON .. 381
THE STUDY TABLE—
Notes—E. P. POWELL 381
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 382
The Reverent Child 382
A Story of Abraham Lincoln—*John B. Alley* 382
THE FIELD—
Meadville, Pa. 382
Redlands, Cal. 382
A Happy Ministerial Family 382
Foreign Notes—M. E. H. 382

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY 3939 LANGLEY AVENUE, CHICAGO.

A HANDFUL OF NEW BOOKS

FOR THE LIBRARY OF THE THINKER

Bethink Yourselves — By Lyof Tolstoy, 15 cents

A new plea for peace.

Essays and Letters — By Lyof Tolstoy, $1.00

Containing with much other matter, Tolstoy's now celebrated letter to the Czar.

Parsifal — By R. Heber Newton, Paper, 50c. Cl. 75c.

A modern interpretation of the ancient legend.

The Captive City of God — By Richard Heath, 60 cents

"What is wanting in British Religion is not Philanthropy—but a profounder conception of justice."

The True Revival vs. Torreyism — Ed. by T. Rhondda Williams, Paper, 50 cents

"Nothing is so much needed to-day as a revival of real religion, but it must come not through the reiteration of exploded dogmas, but through the re-interpretation of the everlasting Gospel of the Divine love in the light of broader knowledge."

The Anatomy of Misery: Plain Lectures in Economics — By John Coleman Kenworthy, $1.00

"Economic questions are, finally, religious questions."

New Tables of Stone — By Henry M. Simmons, $1.50

"To leave God unknown and even unnamed, is no loss of him. It is perhaps a surer way to find him."

The Country Home — By E. P. Powell

"There are so many beautiful homing spots unoccupied that one wishes he might live at once a dozen lives."

"I am writing for those who have not a mint to draw upon, and to whom rational economy is common sense."

FOR SALE BY UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 LANGLEY AVENUE, CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1905. NUMBER 24

November Violets.

The squirrel flaunts his curving brush and leaps
In agile bounds along the wooded hill;
The Autumn wind down—rustling slowly sweeps
Through branches bare; then all is rapt and still
Save for a jay's hard-querulous, shrill cry;
On bright blue wings the challenger goes by,
And somber crows black-distant dot the sky.

And here beneath the russet trees and sere
Where dead leaves lie in thick profusion strown,
Mid tangled grasses blue-eyed glints appear
Of later violets, half-sadly shown.
Not like when April touched the hillside warm
But more in hue as when black clouds do form,
And gleams of sky pierce azure through the storm.

So wrapped in dim and shadowy-vistaed aisles
The glad November violets spring up,
Each hopefully in alien season smiles
And holds to Heaven an ever-open cup,
For rain or sun; until by Winter tossed
Their pathway by the drifting snow is crossed,
And all the earth is whitened o'er with frost.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

The President in his message advised a curtailment of printing. Was there any maliciousness in the Senate's holding up of Mr. Cortelyou's report of work done in the Department of Commerce and Labor?

The *Congregationalist* says that "Professor Matthews has put his finger on a sore which needs to be healed" when he said that "You cannot turn a prophet into a hired man. The revival of interest in the ministry will have to begin in a revival of respect for the office which the minister holds."

New York City has its school of philanthropy; Chicago its institute of social science; colleges are beginning to specialize along these directions. Why should not the ministers in smaller towns get together once in a while in the interest of these things? Why should not study classes and women's clubs abandon the debilitating, superficial variety, and concentrate their energies for definite courses of study along these high lines?

The Inter-State Commerce Bulletin of Accidents for July, August and September, 1904, shows the largest number of fatalities to passengers on record, while there has been a decrease from 70 to 59 employes killed in coupling cars as compared with the same quarter of 1903. The reduction is reported to be largely due to the automatic couplings which have been introduced in the face of determined opposition and many evasions on the part of the railroads.

When should ministers cross the theological line between the orthodox and the liberal camps? Where is that theological line? Who are the liberal ministers today; who are the orthodox, if the first word be taken to represent the open spirit and the aggressive mind, and the latter word be made to represent the ungracious attitude of the closed mind and the dogmatic spirit? These are questions which many are asking and but few are answering; those who answer will be the first to distrust the same answer.

Notwithstanding the academic advance towards the nationalization of land, and still greater agitation in the interest of intensified farming, which means small farms and many landholders, a bulletin issued by the University of Wisconsin indicates a pathetic decline of land-owning farmers in England. It shows that whereas two hundred years ago more than half the farmers of England owned the land wihch they cultivated, today practically all are tenants. How is this cross play between sociological science and practical economics to be explained? What is the tendency in America?

The *Literary Digest* quotes the *New York Tribune* as saying:

> "The vast commercial structures, the luxurious hotels, must reach at last a limit beyond which men will go only for 'God and country.' Has the time come? In this period of magnificence and lavishness in building, are we at last turning some of our riches to the visible glorification of religion? If we are, we are coming indeed to a new age of cathedral building."

To the *Tribune's* question we humbly venture the answer that the new cathedral building when it comes will not express itself in the magnificence and lavishness of building, but in the manifold hospitalities and practicalities that will be housed as adjuncts of worship, as manifestations of the religious nature, a recognition of God and country as expressed in the needs and aspirations of the community.

It is a far cry from the triple home in a Chicago suburb, at Boston and on the sea shore and the home of a Unitarian missionary at Helena, Montana, still farther to the quiet domesticity of village life in Richland Center, Wisconsin; and still, loyalty to ideals, interest in public weal and consecration to public service are the same in each of the conditions, and the passing of a life in each of these places leaves the same sense of vacancy and loss. So the memorial words found elsewhere in this issue for Mrs. Henry D. Lloyd, Mrs. Clara Bicknell Hodgin and Mrs. Laura Briggs James, form a trilogy of tenderness, courage and hopefulness. Each leaves but one anxiety—that is for adequate successorship; one quest—for the perpetuation of their spirit, the only condition of perpetuating the good work they represented.

The eighty-eighth annual report of the American Bible Society—1904, is before us. It makes a comely pamphlet of 370 pages—too bulky even for an examination by a hurried editor. Doubtless such an examination would reveal many things that would tempt criticism, however presumptuous such criticism might be, but as a whole, the work of the eighty-eight years suggests a splendid aggregation of altruism. It has been the distributing agency for world-conquering forces. The sower is the symbol which the British and Foreign Bible Society place upon their publication; it graces the title page of this report of its American child. This book contains tidings from all continents and facts concerning many, many languages. In reserving our right to criticise methods, we do not forget our right to praise and to rejoice in this magnificent revelation of the better side of human nature, the noble triumphs of co-operation.

The butchers' association of Missouri is asking the legislature to repeal the law that permits butchers and grocers to keep open shop on Sunday. If it is right to close other places of business by law, why not close the markets and the groceries, teaching the community the little forethought and previous planning necessary to provide for Sunday needs on Saturday? This discipline would have a value for its own sake, but the sociological day of rest is of imperative value to the state. UNITY prefers such legislation not because of the theological sanctities of the Sabbath, but on account of the physiological and psychological value of the day of rest. It is not the rights of an angered God that are at stake, but the well being of thirteen thousand employes and that of their families that are threatened. What is the gain of all the "modern improvements," the triumphs of mechanical arts, etc., etc., if the tasks of the toiler are not to be ameliorated and the strain of life is not to be reduced?

The Robert Morris public school in Chicago, has an Anti-Cruel Society which consists of all the pupils of the school who sign a pledge and pass an oral examination satisfactorily to the examining board. We print below the questions of the examining board, and hope that some of our readers—teachers, superintendents of schools—will be enough interested in the matter to look into it further. We find our report in the Bulletin of the Chicago Teachers' Federation for February 3rd. Doubtless Miss Flora Helm, head assistant of the Robert Morris school, will be glad to answer further questions.

1. Do you like animals?
2. Do you dislike to see them abused?
3. Do you approve of the use of birds in millinery?
4. Do you believe in hunting for sport or recreation?
5. Do you promise, if admitted as a member of the society, to do all in your power to cultivate a love for dumb animals and to use your influence with others to the same end?
6. Are you answering these questions for today or for all time?
7. Do you promise not to desert any animal that has been of use or pleasure to you because it is too old or to disabled to be of further use or pleasure to you?
8. Do you promise never to desert an animal that is dependent upon you?
9. Do you promise to do all in your power to diminish the cruelty to, and suffering of animals?
10. Do you promise if it is necessary to kill an animal to do it as painlessly as possible?
11. Do you promise not to kill unless for the necessity of safety to yourself or others?

Illinois seems to be in the way of realizing to a degree the power of an united church and an aroused ministry. Through the phenominal activity, wisely directed, of the Anti-Saloon League of the state, it is estimated that over a thousand pulpits on a recent Sunday morning urged the passage of the local option law now pending, each church and minister bringing to bear in their own way the pressure of an ethical cause upon their representatives in the legislature now in session. On the Monday following letters, resolutions, petitions, protests and newspaper articles rolled in upon the solons. On the Wednesday following, the Senate committee, which it was supposed was organized for the purpose of adroitly killing the bill, was glad to get it off its hands, and so they reported it back with a referendum clause, hoping, doubtless, that the house would be compelled to handle the hot subject, or if the house failed, then the responsibility would be thrown back on the dear people, where in truth it belongs and where probably the best interests of the bill would be served. For a district that cannot command a majority at the polls in the interest of anti-saloons would probably be unable to enforce such a law were it passed. The dormant power that might be made active by an united church and a co-operative ministry is simply sublime in its possibilities, the neglect of which is tragedy. What is the comfort of a name, the coziness of a sect, the joy of a tradition compared with the inspirations of the out-looking and out-reaching possibilities of the future? Must religion necessarily derive its inspirations from the backward look, which look alone justifies existing differences and the perpetuation of traditions that no longer are vital?

N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis, with factories at Edwardsville, Ill., Bessemer, Ala., and elsewhere, has been one of the most persistent advocates of profit-sharing and one of the most successful administrators of the same. The Nelson Mfg. Company does a business of about two million dollars a year. The profit-sharing system was adopted in 1886, and for nineteen years dividends ranging from four to ten percent per year have been paid on salaries and wages. This year, if we understand it, the dividends are to be paid in the way of stock in the company, issued to employers and customers at a fixed rate. Mr. Nelson announces that he has been the active head of this business for thirty years and that he is at the present time owner of as much or more property than he wants and inasmuch as it has been made by the co-operation of the employes and customers he now wants them to have the benefit of it. From the present outlook he says: "It should take a very few years to pass the business entirely into the hands of the employes and the customers. It can be made much more profitable

by this mutual interest, and this additional profit goes entirely to those who make it." Recently Mr. Nelson celebrated his thirtieth anniversary in business by a dinner given to a few hundred friends who were invited to come "in ordinary business dress, though dress suits and diamonds will not be excluded." Many of the readers of UNITY will not be able to understand the business complications of this profit-sharing, but all can understand the humanitarian motives and the pacific element in this venture. It indicates the way that will make the friction of strikes unnecessary and the coming of the next and most necessary union possible—the union of capital and labor—the identification of the interests of employer and employe. That is the next task.

A careful and sympathetic reader of UNITY writes with an accent of regret or depreciation that "UNITY seems to lack the feeling of an horizon belonging to it, the sense of a constituency that it represents." If by "horizon" is mean outlines of an organization and by "constituency" is meant a definite number of souls conscious of a common bond, the words are obviously true. UNITY is much more anxious to fit into the horizon than to have an horizon circle around it. It prefers to have a constituency hold it, rather than to hold a constituency, but UNITY does not feel lonesome; there is no plaint or pathos in the bereavements indicated, because it believes that it does stand for a very definite cause, a real pressing truth, an urgent reform. On this account it believes that it represents a minimum of personality and a maximum of principle, for after all is said and done to justify existing schisms, after all the comfort and coziness of family traditions in the theological and ecclesiastical realms, the hearts of men and women everywhere yearn for the courts of the living God, which courts more and more represent the altars of humanity, the divine interests revealed through sociology rather than theology. Denominational names are being daily emptied of their inspirations and the attitude towards them by their most devoted defenders is an apologetic one. Yea, verily, UNITY has no "horizon" that it calls its own; its "constituency" is not much to speak of, but we believe that its cause is large, definite, growing. Hence it rejoices in the privilege of work and contemplates its dying, when it is superseded by other instrumentalities and journals more fitting to follow the leadership of the growing constituency of a common church, with joy. Meanwhile it is not a little bit lonesome. The few friends it has, scattered as they are in various and sometimes antagonistic theological camps, represent a brotherhood very real, a spirit of growing courage and intensity.

Calvin in the Twentieth Century.

The problem is asked again and again why do not the people of America take more interest in the churches, and why is the attendance so small in Protestant churches. We believe the frank and most straightforward answer is Calvinism. We are trying to retain, in modern religious life and thought, a large proportion of medievalism that has been thoroughly outlived. It is impossible to make a careful study of Calvin, and his theories and his methods, without revolt. It is impossible to find a single feature of his theology or his civics which is not abhorrent to modern times. His idea of civil government was theocratic. He undertook to have Geneva ruled by God—through the medium of Calvin. You cannot find a despot among the Tamerlanes more utterly unflinching. Servetus was not his only victim. Gruet wrote some verses against Calvin, and when he was in church "looked defiantly at the preacher's face." The upshot of the dispute was that Gruet was tortured every day, for a month, and then beheaded. Others, under the charge of false doctrines, were paraded through the streets in their shirts, with lighted torches in their hands; and then compelled to bend the knee before Calvin, and ask his pardon. This sort of a man naturally put himself into his creed. Wesley said, "Calvin's God is my Devil." The execution of Servetus was in no way an exception in his career as autocrat. Calvin wrote to Farel "Servetus offers to come hither, if it be agreeable to me. But I am unwilling to pledge my word for his safety; and if he does come, and my authority is of any avail, I shall never suffer him to depart alive."

One of his biographers says of Calvin, "He is remembered as a very saintly man, who fastened on the world, more nearly than any other man had done, the doctrine of predestination to eternal damnation." It is the hanging on of this doctrine of predestination, and the effort to sustain the rule of Calvin's God, that stands in the way of vital Protestanism. Is it any wonder that the people do not flock to church? God was Calvin's lieutenant. We have got through with that sort of a God, which damns his own children through eternity; why not get rid of Calvin and Calvinism at the same time? Why not go back to the simple and benign gospel of Jesus Christ? That is all tucked away in the little passage, "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive your trespasses"—no predestination to damnation in that. Lincoln asked for a church that was based on the Golden Rule as its only creed, and promised to unite with it when found. Whittier sung:

> To one fixed trust my spirit clings,
> I know that God is good!
>
> Not mine to look when cherubim
> And seraphs may not see;
> But nothing can be good in Him,
> Which evil is in me.

It is time to stop preaching Hell fire, and begin to preach Heaven love. It is the love of God that will warm the world to life. Love was the mission of Jesus. Liberality and toleration are not what we want; but a new atmosphere altogether. We do not intend to tolerate Calvin or Calvinism. We must cut the autocracy out of our creed, and our church methods, and church spirit altogether. We speak not of Unitarians, or any other sect, but of modern Christianity altogether. The quicker the churches cut loose from the terrible Mirabeau of Protestanism, the quicker it will be possible once more to get hold of the people. What we want is a ving church, our church; expressing our

living feelings, and needs, and hopes, and will for righteousness.

It is an anomaly that the church in the Twentieth Century does not include the masses. It is unnatural. It is not the consequence of a merely skeptical spirit, nor is it due to the teachings of science. It is a natural consequence of the fact that we have embalmed in the organic church a large amount of rubbish and superstition—but mainly to the fact that Calvinistic thought and spirit is still formulated in the church standards.

E. P. Powell.

Abraham Lincoln.

A child of poverty indeed,
Fair flower of the desert sod,
Thy history to us must read—
As some new chapter writ by God;
We surely know thee as a seer,
That work for man divinely had,
With heart so brave and vision clear,
And mighty mission, martyr-sad!

Thy schooling was in God's own way,
Its lessons learned in grief and loss,
The battling that makes us pray,
And brings content to bear our cross;
No self of pride was thine for power,
No mean, ignoble wish to rise,
But service of the living hour,
And deep devotion's sacrifice!

O, black as night when all is dark,
And thunder-clouds the heavens enfold,
Was that fierce time when thee we mark,
As war and death around us rolled;
It was the booming of the sea—
Upon a terror-stricken strand,
And all our hopes were placed on thee,
To bless with peace divided land;

And ever in the darkest day,
And while ensanguined struggles grew,
Thou wert the light upon our way,
The star that finds its space of blue;
No fainting fear to us was shown,
No doubting word weighed on our grief,
But all of hope to mortals known,
Inspired our hearts and brought relief!

And now from year to year we note,
The day that gave such blessing birth,
And what the past in terror wrote,
Is priceless in its lasting worth;
We prize the manhood of thy life,
We prize the splendor of thy fame,
We prize thy bearing in the strife,
And patriot reverence speaks thy name;

William Brunton.

Song of Toil.

I take the little kiss she gives when I go forth at morn,
I take the little farewell wish upon the breezes borne;
I take her little arm's caress and in the morning light
Go out into the world of toil and battle for the right.

Ring, anvils with your clangor!
Burn forges, fierce and far!
The night shall bring the world of home
Where love and goodness are!

I give and take and give again and unto dark am bent
Beneath the burden of the task for which sweet life is spent;
But, ah, the wage so dear to have, the little lips that wait,
The hearts that ring, the arms that cling,
While I unlatch the gate!

Clang with your mighty revel!
Roar, cities with your strife!
And God be thanked for strength to toil
For wage of love and life!

—*Bishop Huntington, The Craftsman.*

In Memoriam.

JESSIE BROSS LLOYD.

In this impressive hour I cannot forget that it is only a year ago that I came to Chicago to take part in the memorial service in honor of Mr. Lloyd. I have not been in Chicago since. It is a melancholy fatality by which, coming here again so soon, I am asked to take part in this meeting of tribute to Mrs. Lloyd. It is twenty years since I first knew Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, and it was in Chicago that I first knew them—having only met Mrs. Lloyd casually at a Boston friend's a little earlier. I came to them from those who had known them so long and so well that from the beginning I felt that I had known them all my life; we had deep interests in common, and I realize to-day how much my Chicago was made up of them. Something has gone out of Chicago with their going which makes it to me forever a different place.

I was never at a funeral which moved me so deeply as that memorial meeting here in Chicago a year ago. It was a memorable scene before me, as in my turn I rose to speak, I caught here and there the faces of those whom I had known in the various provinces of your intellectual life; but I saw chiefly the great masses of working men and women who were there, bearing cumulative witness to a deep common sorrow and gratitude and honor.

The most impressive funeral which I have ever attended besides that was that quiet, private funeral the other day on that upper floor in Boston, where there were no crowds, where there were only simple friends, where no word that was spoken was a word of sadness, where every word made us feel that the time that is past and the time to be are one, and both are now, and that this life, if we understand it rightly, is simply a part of eternal life, and has not place for too much sorrow and for no sorrow that weakens the mind.

These two funeral services, the most impressive which I have ever known, were a wonderful tribute to a wonderful family life. But it was fitting that there should be a tribute to Mrs. Lloyd not in Boston only, but in Chicago. It was imperative indeed that there should be such a tribute here; and the divinities, which after all take such admirable care again and again of the proprieties, decreed aright that it should be in this particular place. The home of the Lloyds was itself a "social settlement"; and the spirit of Hull House was its spirit. This morning as I sat by the fire and thought of my long relations to Mrs. Lloyd and to that home, and thought of this memorial meeting this afternoon, I remembered that the first time that I ever saw the head of Hull House was in a Chicago court room, where she came to help Mrs. Lloyd see that justice was done to an unfortunate woman; and the last time but one that I saw Mrs. Lloyd in Boston was when with the head of Hull House we rode together in a carriage from a great meeting where hundreds of women were gathered to consider their duties in the cause of Peace, to another crowded hall, where hundreds of working men and women were gathered to bear witness to their duty also in the same great cause. It was obedience to the primary instinct of her life that took her to that special meeting, that made her single that out as the one meeting of that great week which meant most to her. She was concerned above all with the relation to this great common cause of the unprivileged, of the men for whose uplift the peace and order

and humanity of the world are so peculiarly pressing and imperative.

I say that was the last time but one that I saw her. The last time was when, three or four days before her fatal illness came, we sat with her throughout the evening, my wife and I, and with deep interest she talked to us of the plans for the little village library which she was building as a memorial of her husband at Winnetka, and of things which she wished to have fittingly done in connection with the writing of his biography. I think of those last two meetings as indicative of her whole life—a life identified with public spirit, with social uplift, with seeing that justice is done for the working men and the unprivileged, and a life absorbed in and consecrated by the thought of the home and the family. Those were the two things which chiefly made it up. When that home was broken—a family life so organic and so deep—it was then really that she died. As we drove home from Mount Auburn, where we had left her ashes, in the carriage with us was one whom you at Hull House know so well, and one who loved Mrs. Lloyd and had reason to love her as almost no other woman on earth; and she said to us: "What has impressed me chiefly in myself today is the fact that I am so unemotional:" We looked her in the face and thought, and then we said the same; and we quickly analyzed it. When in London the news came to us, a year ago, that Henry Lloyd was dead, we said, knowing how frail her own tenure had been: "It must be she; it cannot be Lloyd." And we were half right. It was then chiefly that she died; and it was then that our emotion was most deeply stirred for her, and not yesterday, or the day before. Dante tells us of those whose lives had been taken away so effectually by sin that, though they walked bodily the streets of Florence, they were in reality dead men. Have you not known more than one who through sorrow, though they walked the streets of Chicago or of Boston, were yet chiefly dead men and women, because their lives were chiefly hidden with those who had gone on before? Under this roof today, as I talked with one who had loved Mrs. Lloyd, she implied this of her when she said to me: "She was never the same afterwards. Something went out of her life with him." Something went out of her life with him! The thought of others did not go, the life of service did not stop, her sons were ever in her heart, duty did not die, nor the affections wither—their manifestations were never so touching or so beautiful; but the mortal wound was struck.

I wish it were those who do not speak publicly that could here pay tribute to her character. They could pay the most eloquent tribute. I could almost wish that there might be a moment in this meeting when, with bowed heads, we might let those speak who can speak only in the eloquent speech of of silence. It was such a one, who does not speak, here with us today, who knew her and who loved her, and had occasion to love her, who said to me an hour ago: "Oh, if I could speak! If I could tell them what Mrs. Lloyd's character was, and what her service was, and what she did and stood for in this life."

Her character! I do not need to tell you here of her character. It was a character drawn on such broad lines! It was from the very fact that it was drawn on such broad lines that such faults or limitation as it had chiefly came. Its faults were the defects of its virtues. We felt again and again, some of us, that her judgments were startlingly rash and indiscriminate. She needed love, needed a mixture of emotion and personal feeling with knowledge, to make her judgments true. There were lacking very often those finer distinctions and reservations which make up a just criticism. We felt sometimes that some of her swans were geese; but the great thing was that she turned so many geese to swans by seeing the swan, by seeing the angel, in them, and by treating them as the angel and so lifting them into angelhood. That was what her overwhelming enthusiasm, her overwhelming energy, her overwhelming sympathy, her overwhelming sense of justice and pity so often accomplished.

Above all, it was hospitality. She seemed to me, above all women I have ever known, the incarnation of hospitality. A human edition of Divine Providence, that is what Mrs. Lloyd was. What a manifold and varied lot she took in, of needy men and women, as well as of prophetic men and women! One said to me today: "She once saw me sitting before her house. She had known a bit of my history; and she said to her husband, as I learned afterwards, 'That girl looks homesick. Let us take her in.'" And they took her in for a week, though at first unknown to her it relegated the husband to the attic; and the week afterwards became many weeks. How that story could be multiplied!

We like to have you remember what Miss Addams so graciously said a moment ago, that she was a part of Boston as well as of Chicago. Many of us here like to think that that Lloyd home was a New England home as well as a Western home. There are many of us indeed who, when we think of that hospitable life, that life of the home-maker, think of it not chiefly in connection with Winnetka, although some of us knew that also well, but chiefly in connection with Sakonnet, where the beautiful "Watch House" stood, and now stands silent, by the shore. What a picture that will ever remain for many of us,—that home there by the river, down which the steamer brought us, by the light-house, by the blue sea, by the charming farm lands, opposite historic and fashionable Newport, with its hundred lessons and provocations. The big company came pouring in by the steamer, or down the Compton road, day by day, through the long summer, some always coming as others went. I see the great hospitable rooms, and the broad platform, where we walked up and down in the moonlight and beneath the stars, and talked always, with the breaks of merriment, of making this somehow a better world. Of that boy and girl, the mistress of the home talked, who needed a helping hand, who needed a summer's vacation, who needed a winter's program. It was the home-maker; it was the providence; it was the hospitality; it was the great, generous heart, that stood out always above all things else. And every farmer's house for three miles up the road came into its broad scope; it was a lesson and a joy to ride with her on her parish rounds, to their front doors, and their back ones. I am glad that one of your Chicago women, one who is with us today, and who touched all this closely, put Sakonnet into song, and that her verses remain to preserve for many of us something of that beautiful picture.

It was directly over against Sakonnet, as some of you will remember that Bishop Berkeley, the greatest idealist of his time and one of the noblest souls that ever lived, had for three years his home, two centuries ago. As he went up to the hill-top by the shore beside Whitehall, and cast his vision around the horizon, Sakonnet would have come within his vision. You will remember how Emerson put the idealism of Berkeley into—quoting roughly—the bold and impressive words: "What difference does it make whether Orion is up there in the heavens, or whether some god paints it upon the retina of the mind?" I think

that Berkeley, with his miracle-working idealism, might have seen a thousand homes, present and future, as from the Newport hills his vision swept the horizon; but among all the homes which the gods painted upon the retina of his mind, he would have seen none that was a more beautiful realization of the ideal life which he dreamed of and for which he lived than the life which a hundred of us have witnessed at Sakonnet.

Thomas Paine once said something which very effectually settled for me many of my anxieties about immortality. He said: The process from nothing into that rich, full existence which we enjoy today is hard to imagine. It is a process which we cannot follow, which we know next to nothing about. But we do know that that process from nothing into this richness and fulness of existence has taken place; and if God, if the nature of things, has been able to effect that transition from nothing to this, the nature of things is opulent enough and has adequate machinery to effect every other transformation that is imperative and to be religiously desired.

It was, I think, Thoreau who said: "One world at a time!" When once, two centuries ago, in some eclipse, the last great day seemed impending, it was old Abraham Davenport of Stamford, Connecticut—you remember Whittier's beautiful poem—who in the Legislature exclaimed: "Let God do his work; we will tend to ours,"—and asked that the candles be brought in, that the work of legislation might go on. That was the spirit in which Henry Lloyd and Jessie Lloyd lived. It was one world at a time with them; but it had the essence, the nature, of eternity in it,—and its future aspects will take care of themselves, and be well taken care of by the divinities.

But for us these gatherings, these memorial exercises, the thoughts which this hour stirs, are indeed important. Those with whom I have talked concerning Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd during these days in Chicago, as during the days before in Boston, have almost all been men and women in middle life; and for us who are working in the thick of the fight for a better world, these hours surely have deep lessons. That is an impressive old word of the Psalmist,—it comes to us who have reached middle life and begin to realize, as in youth we never realized, that we have not an eternity to draw upon here, but life begins to map itself out rather distinctly, and we see the end in sight, however near or far: "Spare me a little that I may recover myself, before I go hence and be no more seen." That is the prayer which often in the night, and in the noon, shapes itself somehow, I think, in many of our hearts. We wish that our life here too, in this particular chapter of eternity with which we now have actually to do and for which we are particularly responsible, may realize itself adequately and accomplish its highest ends. "Spare me a little, that I may recover myself, before I go hence and be no more seen." Great and divine tasks there may be for us on other shores; but "I shall not pass this way again." It is in the atmosphere, in the influence, of events, of bereavements, like this that we aspire before we cross the bar to give our testimony in this world, that we wish that we may not go out of this world without rightly making our mark, without seeing to it that our lives are not neutral, but that somehow we lay the emphasis in the right place, so that when our names are spoken, so that when men hold us in their thoughts, it may not be as something vague, but as something identified, and identified with divine power, with those causes which are most worth while in this particular chapter of eternity and in this particular corner of God's world, for which in this present period of grace we are, I say, more especially responsible.

That was the life of those whom we loved and to whom we give tribute today. Their life was a life of emphasis. We know what they stood for. They were not living vague lives. They were not living at random. They stood for hospitality; they stood for justice; they stood for the lifting up of the unprivileged; they stood for making Chicago a better city, for making this nation a better nation, for making this world a better world. This purpose and endeavor stood out with emphasis; it stood out with distinctness; it stood out inspired and fortified by the highest public spirit, and by the deepest feelings of personal sympathy and devotion. It is the remembrance of such lives that makes this hour a sacrament.—*Edwin D. Mead, at the Memorial Service at the Hull House, January 21.*

MRS. CLARA BICKNELL HODGIN.

Mrs. Clara Bicknell Hodgin, wife of Rev. E. Stanton Hodgin, died at Helena, Montana, Jan. 14, 1905, in her thirty-fifth year.

After a short, fitting service at their Helena home, conducted by the Jewish Rabbi, and the pastor of the Methodist Church South, personal friends of Mr. and Mrs. Hodgin, the bereaved husband and mother brought the body to St. Paul, Minn., for cremation at Forest Hill cemetery. They were met by the other near relatives and a few friends, among these Rev. Elinor E. Gordon of Des Moines, Ia., who conducted the services there.

Sunday, Jan. 29, memorial services were held at Humboldt both morning and afternoon, in the little church she loved so well, by friends with whom the greater part of her helpful, happy life was spent.

The exercises in the morning were by the Sunday school in which she had been for years a most enthusiastic and successful worker. Fitted by nature and special training for her chosen work of primary and kindergarten teacher, she was especially near and dear to the little ones, and throughout our entire community teachers, parents and children mourn the loss of this faithful friend and co-worker.

In the afternoon the services were in charge of our pastor, Rev. Robert Ewart Ramsay. Rev. Rett E. Olmstead of Decorah, Iowa, was also present, and spoke a few earnest, helpful words. The leading address was by Rev. Elinor Gordon. It seemed very fitting that she who has long held a place in all our hearts should be chosen to speak words of comfort and hope to the sorrowing family and friends of our dear Mrs. Hodgin.

Extracts were read from a number of beautifully sympathetic and appreciative letters, selected from the many received by the family. In addition to this and several appropriate hymns, tributes were given by members of the several activities of the church and society, friends of Mrs. Hodgin who have known, loved and labored with her in the years of her life here, both before and after her marriage to Mr. Hodgin, Nov. 12, 1901.

The service, though tender and touching, was yet hopeful and inspiring, breathing a spirit of loyalty and love to the departed friend and fellow worker that should be lived out in good deeds, in bravely taking up life's burdens and duties and in addition to our own tasks, attempting to carry on towards completion the unfinished work of this earnest, enthusiastic, untiring soul called hence in the very prime of her womanhood.

Mrs. Hodgin was exceptionally adapted to the many sided work of a minister's wife. The deep sense of grief and loss felt both here and in the Helena church where she went with her husband September, 1903, richly testify to her skill and devotion. The resolu-

tions sent by the church at Helena and by the Woman's Alliance of that city express in strong and heartfelt terms not only their love and appreciation of Mrs. Hodgin's ability and consecration, but were filled with a spirit of loyalty and devotion to the cause she loved, and an earnest purpose to go on with the work begun inspired by her memory and example.

Her influence remains. Such a life is indeed worth living.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." Rev. 14-13.

The services closed with "The Choir Invisible," which seemed to all especially appropriate. This was read at the request of Mr. Hodgin, whose loss cannot be estimated, but who will return to his chosen work assured of the loyalty, affection and sympathy of this entire church and community.

That he be strengthened and sustained from on high, and find many, ready and able, to stand by his side and hold up his hands, in this his hour of need, is our earnest prayer.

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

Humboldt, Iowa.

MRS. LAURA B. JAMES.

UNITY has lost a friend and the ranks of those who labor for the world's betterment a valiant worker. Laura B. James, known to many of UNITY's readers, passed to the life unseen from her home in Richland Center, Wisconsin, on the 24th of January. A visit to the hospital, a few weeks of hope for her friends, and life claimed its own.

Laura Briggs was born in Sauk City, Wis., in 1846, was married to D. J. James of Richland Center in 1872. Four children were born to them, two of whom survive her.

Funeral services were held at the house, Rev. S. B. Loomis officiating. The organizations of which she had long been an efficient member, united in a last tribute which filled the commodious home of which she was the heart, to overflowing.

Mrs. James, though a devoted wife and mother, yet found time to keep abreast of the best thought of the day, time for that charity that includes gift and giver, and time to work for those principles and ideals which would bring political justice to women and economic justice to the toiler—man or woman.

Always devoted to the liberal faith, in her last years she gave considerable time to the investigation of spiritism and found comfort and satisfaction therein.

Richland Center. ALICE BALL LOOMIS.

The Little Minister.

Far up the crag, 'twixt sea and sky,
Where winds tempestuous, blowing by,
Leave giant boulders swept and bare;
Where frequent lightnings fitful flare,
And petrels sound their stormy cry,—

I found a bluebell, sweet and shy,
Lifting its head complacently,
As guarded by the tenderest care—
Far up the crag.

And often now, when fear draws nigh,
In thought I stand 'twixt sea and sky,
And as of old in my despair
I bless the Power that set it there—
That tiny thing with courage high,
Far up the crag!

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

THE PULPIT.

The Newly Found "Biggest Diamond."

A SOCIOLOGICAL SERMON-STUDY. BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES. DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 5, 1905.

The sensation of a week ago was the discovery of the largest diamond ever known, in South Africa; a diamond four times as large as the largest heretofore known, weighing 3,023 carats, while the Kohinur weighed but 794 carats. To put the size in a more appreciable form, it is said to weigh one and a half pounds avoirdupois. It is as large as a four-pound weight of iron; or one account says, "As big as a goose egg."

It has seemed to me that there is more than a newspaper sensation or a passing curiosity in this startling telegraphic announcement. It is with the hope of finding this something more that I take it this morning as the starting point for a new study of an old subject—"The Sermon of the Diamond."

In order to reach maximum results we will look at the history, the science, the politics, the sociology, and the ethics of the diamond.

First, its history: The great diamonds of history are stained by the most flagrant and ignoble manifestations of human nature—murder, theft, treachery, ambition, blur the brilliancy of the great diamonds that represent the treasures of royalty and the envy of kings and queens. The Kohinur, which means "the mountain of light," is the pride of England's queen, the joy of the royal cabinet. Edwin Streeter, in his history of the great diamonds of the world, devotes twenty-five pages to its story, and he obsequeously informs us that her majesty, the queen of England, consented "to give luster to his work by reading the manuscript and giving her approval thereto." According to this work, the known story of this, up to the discovery the other day, most notable diamond in the world, goes back five hundred years when it became the possession of a conquering Mohammedan, one of the spoils of Asiatic wars. Then it was estimated as equalling in value half the daily expenses of the world. The story from this on is replete with fraud and cruelty. An Indian Shah, with an army went, ostensibly on a religious pilgrimage, but really for the sake of surrounding the palace and capturing this jewel. His campaign of pillage proved successful, but when the great gem was not found in the collection, the possessor's head was shaved, encircled in a band of paste and boiling oil poured into the receptacle, thus hoping to compel him to divulge its location. But either the plundered monarch could not or would not confess the whereabouts of his darling, and Shah-Rokh died with his secret untold. But what Aga Mohammedan failed to accomplish by treachery and cruelty he achieved by diplomacy, and in 1751 the fatal jewel was his. For two hundred years we trace the ugly story of the beautiful stone until through the cupidity of English invasion and the commercial astuteness of the East India Company, it fell into the lap of her majesty, the queen of England. Once in her possession it was re-ground, its size reduced and its beauty increased at a cost of eight thousand pounds; its estimated value was seven hundred thousand dollars.

But there is supposed to be somewhere the great Briganza, a diamond found in the bed of the Rio Plata deep in the Brazilian forests, by three convicts who were permitted to escape with their lives on condition that they should never frequent the centers

where lived law-abiding citizens; it seems to have been lost and no one now knows where it is.

The Star of the South, another Brazilian gem found by a slave woman, was sold in the rough for one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, but it brought to the poor negress only her liberty, a gem more prized than the proudest diamond of the mines, which was hers by right without being purchased by a diamond.

In this book of Streeter's are the stories of seventy-five different famous diamonds, nearly all of them saturated in superstition, greed, fraud, cruelty and murder. It has often transpired that on the death of the envied possessor of great gems the casket supposed to contain them was found either empty or filled with false gems. So, historically speaking, the beautiful subject is a grewsome one. It is sad to think that the highest achievement of nature in this direction, "the gem of purest ray serene," should have brought to the surface some of the meanest and wickedest possibilities of human nature.

Before going further, then, it will be well for us to refresh ourselves with a cleaner phase of our subject, the science of the diamond. It was a shock to the diamond-lover when the French chemist, Dumas, demonstrated that a diamond is nothing but carbon in its purest form; that the gem in the lady's brooch, aye, in the queen's crown, is made of exactly the same stuff as the coal in her grate, or the plumbago in her pencil. The lady who felt that her diamonds established her social prerogative, gave her conspicuous rank in society, must have been touched with a still greater anxiety when M. Henry Moissan, another French chemist, actually succeeded in manufacturing a product that would stand every test of the true diamond, was, in fact, true diamond. It is true that in order to reach this result the Frenchman had to consume many hundred dollars' worth of diamonds, to discover the principle, and when discovered the diamond aristocrat breathed more freely when he learned that the cost of producing an artificial diamond was many times the price of the same diamond in the market.

Science is not indifferent to beauty, but it is not the beauty of the polished stone that commands the first attention of the scientist; it is not the fundamental quality of the diamond. As the name indicates, it is related to adamant, which means the unconquerable, indisputable. Indeed, the dictionary manages in some way to connect the word diamond and the title of the lady who wears it—"madame." All diamonds are not brilliant, but all have the quality of hardness. Scientifically, then, the diamond represents the hardest of substances; it is the stone that scratches the face of all other stones, that cannot itself be scratched; it can be ground only by its own dust.

The war in South Africa brought on temporarily a diamond famine and prices went up. This created a new interest in the geology of diamonds. Professor Hobbs in the *Popular Science Monthly* for November, 1899, had an article of great interest on "The Emigrant Diamonds in America." In this article he tried to trace the vagrant diamonds that had been found at different times and places in Wisconsin and Michigan to a probable source. They were all of them found in gravel beds and kettle moraines formed by the great ice plow of the glacier period. Inferentially he concluded that somewhere in the neighborhood of Baffin's Bay there may be a diamond field that might cheapen even the Kimberly mines of South Africa. This guess led the Canadian government to instruct its geological surveyors to give special attention to the subject and have their eyes open for diamond beds. The so-called Golconda mines of India, the diamond beds of Brazil and the stray finds of Mexico and Arizona are all travelers; the diamonds were away from home; but in the blue ground of Kimberly the diamonds were found still imbedded in their native home, surrounded by the disintegrated matrix which once lay in the neck of some ancient volcano, where carbon was fused by mighty heat, confined by terrible pressure which caused the particles to spring into the crystal form, becoming the hardest and most brilliant of substances. Following this hint, the French chemist manufactured his diamond by putting the pure carbon into the heart of an iron cylinder, then fusing iron and carbon in a crucible whose temperature reached three thousand degrees, then plunging crucible and all into cold water, thus confining the seething mass at the heart in a hard outward mass of cold iron; the interior iron passing from the liquid to the solid state expanding formed a terrible prison shell, bringing incalculable pressure upon the molten carbon. When released from this iron embrace the carbon was found crystallized into a perfect diamond.

This, in brief, then, is the science of the diamond. Common stuff in the heart or throat of a pre-Adamic volcano was submitted to terrible heat and pressure where it lay until in the course of endless time the tyrannical jacket was worn away, literally gnawed away by the tooth of time, then the perfect product was released. Flood, glacier, drift, avalanche, scattered these gems over the face of the earth, and only once, and that in South Africa, was the nest in which diamonds were incubated, discovered. But it is altogether probable that the journey of these brilliant travelers will be discovered; they will be tracked back to the home nest. There is no reason to doubt that in other parts of the globe there may yet be found the debris of extinct volcanoes, the ashes and cinders of which will yield diamonds that will outshine all the crowns of the world and reduce the coveted stock of the Johannesburg Company below par.

This leads us to give a thought to the economic aspect of our question. What of the diamond commercially, for evidently the market value of the diamond consists not primarily in its brilliancy, though that is incomparable, nor in its hardness, though that gives it an important place in the industrial world, but because it is rare, and on that account carries with it social distinction. The market value of the diamond lies in its marking power; it becomes a counter of respectability a badge of wealth, a sign of elegance because it is so rare.

Since the discovery of diamonds in Africa ninety-eight percent of the diamond commerce has come from that country. Six years ago a trade journal estimated that three hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of diamonds in the rough had been taken out of the Kimberly mines in thirty years, while the Brazilian output for forty-six years was only thirty-five million, according to the Encyclopedia Britannica. This value was doubled by the cutting. The same trade journal said that the African output might have been immeasurably increased had it not been for the sagacity of tradesmen, the efficiency of the combine that succeeded in curbing even the diamond-finding so that the output was kept at its highest commercial results. The diamond dealers know well the value of a limited market. Six years ago when I made my first study the American importation was said to be $13,500,000. One million of that importation came to Chicago. An expert dealer tells me that the diamond is not the most costly stone. He put into my hand a ruby the

market value of which was twelve thousand dollars. A diamond of the same size and quality could be obtained for eight hundred dollars. The mystical opal, the resplendent emerald, the warm-hearted ruby, commercially and artistically, are more valuable than diamonds of the same size, and still they are not so coveted in fashionable life because, I am told, colored stones are more easily counterfeited; consequently to exhibit them is not so *prima facie* a certificate of wealth and position. The trade knows that after a sufficient number of white stones are secured to fix "my lady's" rank in society, then she can indulge her love of color in the still more beautiful gems.

But supposing the geological survey of Canada should come upon the diamond nest which science predicates somewhere on the upper waters of Baffin's Bay from which the Wisconsin stones rode away on an ice sled twenty thousand years ago perhaps, and suppose the diamonds should come down by the bushel basketful and astute Montreal dealers should bring over shiploads of skillful Jew diamond cutters from Hamburg, the present headquarters of the diamond industry, and throw them upon the American market at cost price, enabling the Chicago ladies to buy at the rate of ten dollars a carat diamonds that now cost one hundred dollars a carat—what would happen to the social world? There would be just as much food and clothing left, but there would be a great depreciation of these markers of respectability; something lost in the externals, a label depreciation.

This imaginary case has already come to pass. The Kohinur has been discounted; a diamond has been found so big that it must be cut up, to quote from the newspaper, "like a piece of cheese or codfish" before it can be used. The announcement of this discovery leads the newspapers to comment upon "the passing of the diamond." This discovery of a diamond too big for use, says the same editorial, "ends the principal charm of the gem. How can a man or woman take pride in the size of a gem when a diamond may be too large and when some diamonds are crushed like limestone for greater convenience?" The Johannesburg find has made the diamond vulgar. For thousands of years the diamond has been woven with the most exacting and important events of the world. All the love, romance, intrigue, adventure, pageantry, pride and crime of humanity has gathered around it. Its place has been on the decline for many years; now it is threatened that the diamond will become unfashionable."

This economic and commercial study of the diamond suggests its political significance, for the diamond has had its modern as well as ancient wars. The Boer, as the name implies, was primarily a tiller of the soil, a cottage builder, garden maker, a tender of sheep and of cattle. In search of fields to plow and ranges to graze he passed from one camp to another, trecking away from the encroachments of trade, shrinking from political enterprise until at last he crossed the river Vaal, where in the heart of the far off wilderness he hoped to lay the foundations of a republic, true to his needs and convictions, frugal, conservative, religious. Here he would have been allowed to work out his problem in his own way, slowly yielding to the advancement of new methods, reluctantly absorbing new life and the broader thought, had not a boy one day in 1866 picked up a pretty stone which was sent to the Cape and then forwarded to the Paris Exposition and there sold for twenty-five hundred dollars. Then began the rush for the Transvaal. Commerce again invaded the rustic simplicities and disturbed the domestic pieties and the unattractive and neglected territories beyond the river swarmed with adventurers; villages sprang up as by magic; wagon and rail-roads followed the stream and the far off South African republic was disturbed by the enterprise of Europe and the adventure of America. The greed of commerce became the grasp of politics, and the desire of kingdoms, until at last the hell dogs of murder, arson and kindred devastations were let loose under the name of war. Under the banners of peace public interest, human sympathies, even the interests of education and religion are subordinate to the requirements of thrift and the rights of the individual; if needs be, churches will languish colleges be impoverished, schools go unfounded, libraries neglected; individuals and nations will scrutinize every claim and measure their support by the amount they think they can give without passing from income to capital. But when war breaks loose, parliaments and congresses become lavish; warships are builded where the foundations of universities were denied; guns are bought where there is no money to pay for dictionaries or Bibles. Even in Republican America the man whose salary is paid least grudgingly, whose expenses are met with greatest promptness, for whose business appropriations come more willingly, too often is the man of violence; the man whose life is devoted to destruction on land or on sea.

So it is not saying too much that the horrible war of South Africa, which brought such dire disaster to the conquered, so little glory from without, so much humiliation from within to the conquerors, was a diamond war, politics taking up the strings where commerce had entangled them and undertaking to cut with the sword the knots that had become too complex for diplomacy or the courts of justice.

Now, then, having glanced at the diamond in history, in the laboratory, in the shop and in the ball room, that is, regarded it historically, scientifically, commercially and socially, may I venture to put the diamond into ethics and finally into religion? May I propound a few questions to the conscience, questions which I will not undertake to answer, but which I believe are questions that demand an answer from every individual soul?

I believe with Emerson that

> "Beauty is its own excuse for being."

Or, as Browning puts it:

> "If you get simple beauty and naught else,
> You get about the best thing God invents."

But beauty becomes hideous when it defies ethics or grows imperious in the presence of human needs, hopes, loves and aspirations. After these questions are considered diamonds may still be worn, but they will grace only those who have looked back of the diamond, faced the questions and settled them with their own consciences and with their God. When thus settled, let all meddlers from without keep hands off, bow the head and respect.

In the first place, the diamond stands for non-productive dead capital. Money put into a diamond stops there. It yields the minimum of social service; the gratification is ever to a few, guarded about with ever severer restrictions. I have already shown that the diamond is valuable in proportion as it is rare. More than that, it is valuable to the possessor in proportion to the rarity of its use. It must be concealed for the most part from admiring eyes; it is for select companies and brief displays only.

Mrs. Browning in "A Court Lady," tells of the woman who clothed herself in her gems and fineries and then walked among the suffering and the sick,

that the woe-smitten denizens of the hospital might feast their eyes on diamonds, and their drooping convalescence be touched with a radiance of wealth and health. How much benefit would be derived by the patients from such a walking jewelry shop is a question for physician and psychologist to determine. Certain I am that beauty, when untouched by envy, pride and rivalry, is sanitary and that the motive of the lady in the poem is confessedly above the motives that generally accompany "My Lady" in full ornamentation.

Is this the best way to engage in the ministry of beauty? Is the investment justified on the score of the beautiful?

In the second place, what of the ethics of this costly investment that takes out of the life of the world so much active capital, depletes by so much the working funds of society, lessens the interest in things excellent, of which at best there is none too much. What does ethics say to the woman who bemoans her inability to soothe the orphan, to help the struggling aspirant after culture, to clothe the naked, feed the starving, help along great causes and hold up the hands of those who espouse the permanent interests of society, whose hands, empty of sympathy, glisten with diamonds; whose eyes fill with tears over her helplessness when facing splendid opportunities, but who rejoices in the glistening gems that feed and clothe no one, nestling in the velvet cabinet at home? the coronet or brooch that once or twice a year will dazzle a ball room; would prove munificent reinforcement to a high cause that languishes.

What does ethics say to the man who holds down if he does not cut down his support of the central interests of the community, represented by the civic educational, religious activities, who still has money for the solitaire on his own bosom and the diamond sunburst for wife and daughter at Christmas time?

I am asking the questions, not answering them. They are conscience questions. It is the same old question which Savonarola laid at the feet of the high-stepping dames of Florence when they brought their jewels and formed their "Pillar of Folly," as described in George Eliot's "Romola;" the same question which weighed upon the heart of Isabella, queen of Spain, whose jewel money in the hands of Columbus gave to humanity the New World, to you and me our American homes; the same question again, resting upon the conscience of Henry III of England, compelled him to take gem after gem from his cabinet that he might more worthily decorate the splendid aisles of Westminster Abbey, the outward expression of England's noblest life throughout the long centuries.

But, it is urged that this is a convenient way of saving capital; much is in this manner laid away in time for dire extremity when it will be handy. Obviously true, but the diamond-buyer should be honest with him or herself. Were they bought as an investment? Were they bought even primarily to gratify the love of the beautiful? From the business man's standpoint, is it wise to tie up capital in that form which renders it most liable to thieves, most subject to fire, most easily lost, and above all, most exacting and costly to live up to?

But back of all this, ethics propounds the question, Whom do the diamonds belong to, anyhow? Where does the full right of possession rest? Is the right of discovery adequate? Did that awkward Boer lad who stumbled upon the first African diamond enter into the full title? Mr. Wallace, in his great book on the Nineteenth Century, has a clarifying chapter which he has entitled "The Plunder of the Earth." Humanity can well give up its diamonds to private plunder and to the monopolization of private corporations, but what about the fast dwindling coal mines, the precious beds of iron, tin, gold and silver, not made by man, but upon which individual man or corporation has accidentally stumbled and has assumed that God meant it for those who get there first, who grab the most, and most successfully, with force of arms if need be, protect the grab?

These were the political questions of yesterday; they are the moral questions of today; they will be the religious questions of tomorrow.

For a moment let the dispensable and traveling diamond typify the indispensable coal, petroleum, gold, silver, measureless forests, burden-bearing, acre-irrigating rivers, the ground upon which we walk, the springs from which we drink and the sky that overhangs us. For whom were these created? By whose hands were they bequeathed to man? From whence comes the adequate title to hold them for personal ends and selfish display, regardless of the vested rights in them held by a common humanity, the rights of all men, of any man, of every man, put into this world by the same hand that planted the fern forests of the carboniferous age, that fused the precious gems in volcanic retorts and caused the awful flux that filled the crannies of the mountains with volcanic gold, silver or possibly iron.

Are these questions impertinent? Have I been talking about something that is none of my business? Do people come to church to be arraigned, to be made uncomfortable?

It certainly is none of my business. So far as the questions come from me, they are impertinent. But these questions represent the business of humanity; they are the questions of the age; the questions which above all others demand consideration in legislative hall, in college class rooms, in the councils of the competent, at the altars of religion. And the discomfort incident to the facing of these questions is not to be compared with the sadder discomforts of those who would evade them by shutting their eyes and stopping their ears and living as though there were no questions.

"You do not make it very comfortable for people to come to this church," said a loyal friend and an honored listener to me the other day. Perhaps not. Certainly thousands seek the more comfortable position and condition by staying away from this and all other churches. Do they in the long run find comfort in this elimination? Perhaps so. Do you envy them their comfort? These problems are painful only to those who evade them. To those who face them, grapple with them, find at least provisional solution, they bring the strength of the prophet, the serenity of the sage, to humbler ones, peace and joy unspeakable. They bring us at last to an appreciation of the beautiful symbolism of the diamond with which we close.

Coal, graphite, plumbago, diamond—one and the same substance, representing only rarer and more rare forms of crystallization; secured by more heat and more pressure. "Character," said Dr. Bartol, "is the diamond that cuts every other stone." This also is secured by heat and pressure. The things that are hard to do, purposes high to pursue, struggles that strain, pinch and hurt, conditions that squeeze, the things we do not like to do, the things we would be saved from doing, the things we would like to delegate to others —these are the pressures that make diamond out of coal dust, convert black soot into radiance. The gem may be cut into sixty-four facets, each one of which enhances the glory of the other; combined they give back the light of heaven intensified, focalized, redistributed; simulating on earth the very stars of heaven. Such is the condition of crystallization.

The human hand is the most perfect mechanism found in God's cabinet: let conscience decide whether its beauty is enhanced by the gold of the mint and the diamond of the mine; let conscience decide whether the cold gems of the earth add life to the heaving bosom of a loving woman, or whether the lapidary knows a pendant that will not disfigure the Queen of Hearts. Be that as it may, we know that the helping hand is beautiful without diamonds; the loving bosom gracious unbrooched; the intelligent brow benignant without coronets, because the diamond more precious than all the boasted treasures of royalty is the diamond of clear intellect, of a loving spirit and of a just heart. This is the diamond that shames the chase for diamonds, however brilliant; rebukes the greed, the grab and the slaughter, miscalled "civilization," "culture," "honor," "prowess," "glorious war" instigated by the love of the beautiful.

Whatever the ethics of the diamond may be it is something higher than battle flags, sweeter than pride, gentler than caste distinctions, diviner than the externals, scruples of beauty or the passions for gems.

To arrive at this truth is to discover the new gem that outshines all the old ones, to find a gem that outweighs the big four million dollar diamond which last week was unearthed in Johannesburg. This is a diamond that cannot be vulgarized by multiplication or be made common by its frequency.

Correspondence.

THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE OF RELIGION.

Dear UNITY.—Having just read the timely and illuminating editorial on "Nicodemean Reformers in Religion," I wish to express my regret that you had no adequate report of our Conference at Syracuse. Had I realized it in time I should have been impelled to send you one. The need of such a Conference even in such a center of light as Syracuse is made apparent by the protest of a Syracuse clergyman against a statement of the chairman, that the supreme interest of religion requiring present vindication is the moral interest.

An immediate good result of the Conference was the Rev. P. P. Worner, minister of one of the Congregational churches in Syracuse, invited Rabbi Adolph Guttman into his pulpit the next Sunday. Rabbi Guttman had spoken at the Conference on "The Inefficiency of Religious Toleration." His appearance in Mr. Worner's pulpit received prominent notice in the Syracuse press as a commendable first fruits of the Conference.

The Conference at present holds its annual meetings in the university towns of the state in the hope of touching a few of the young men and women who will one day be influential. The addresses at these meetings, at least, the best of them, go into circulation at the rate of sixty thousand pages a year and are sought for by many. The secretary, Rev. Owen R. Lovejoy, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., reports that the notice in the *Outlook* brought fifty requests for them, and says that the notices which appear in UNITY bring others.

A Methodist pastor, speaking some forty years ago of conditions in a small city of Massachusetts, said: "Here you have got to push and pull and pound for years to get anything to go, and after that it goes just because it is going." Things seem to be going now at a rate which recalls the remark made some years ago by the late Dr. Joseph T. Duryea, of Omaha, and previously of Boston and Brooklyn: "We need steering now more than momentum." For this need Nicodemus is well fitted. Sincerely yours,

New York, Jan. 16, 1905. JAMES M. WHITON.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

James H. West Co. sends me "John Brown, the Hero," by J. W. Winkley, M. D. The author of this book was a colonist of Kansas during the time of the ferocious struggle between slavery and free labor, to get possession of that territory. He had a personal part in this critical era, and knew Brown thoroughly well. A subtitle of the book is "Personal Reminiscences." It is a neat little volume, chock full of interest.

Open Court Co. sends me "Muriel Strode's Book of Prayer." This is as good a little volume to put in your pocket, and breathe into your character as anything that I know. With it I receive "The Napoleon Myth," by Henry R. Evans. The book throws a good deal of light on Napoleon's character and work. It includes M. Pere's pamphlet, throwing historical doubts on the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte—an idea not new with him, but borrowed from Archbishop Whateley. When I was a college boy in 1850 we all read Whateley.

Anyone may count himself fortunate who can secure the Burrows Bros. Co., of Cleveland, as publishers. I have long looked upon their work with an envious eye, and today hold it fully equal to any of the boasted achievements of our handicraft presses. I am led to say this just now because they have placed on my table the first volume of Avery's "A History of the United States and Its People." I had supposed that a work of this kind was entirely unnecessary—for had not the ground been gone over sufficiently? But I have changed my mind. The author undertakes a history for men and women of general culture, rather than professional historical students. Nearly all of our recent histories, and they abound just now, are efforts at a critical handling of disputed points. Dr. Avery does not undertake to lead us along the lines of investigation nor does he place before us a collection of data for reference. He has made it his own task to do the investigating, while the reader is left to thoroughly enjoy what the author places before him. He has, however, by no means given us a rehash of old and often told stories. He has called to his assistance some of the ablest scholars in the land; and now he can fairly say that he has given us, so far as the work has progressed, a history that combines readability and trustworthiness ahead of anything that we have in the market. The pages are delightful to look at. The maps are wonderful models, and all the illustrations are selected to charm a cultured man as well as illumine the text. The work is to be issued in twelve volumes. The volume now on the table covers the period of discovery. Volume two will treat of the Colonies; volume three will bring us down to 1754; and volume four will reach the Revolution. Volume five will cover the war with England; volume six, the period of nation building and the rule of the Federalists, while volume seven will cover the revolution wrought by Jefferson and Madison. This brings us to volume eight, which will reach from 1817 to 1837—including the tariff struggle with the Clay Compromise; and the initial struggle with slavery. Volume nine will carry us through the period of great leaders and compromises, and land us at 1850. Volume ten will tell the story of the seething of rebellion. Volume eleven will cover the Secession to the close of the war; and volume twelve will tell the story of Reconstruction and the struggles of capital and labor which have followed. It is a great work. E. P. POWELL.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation; for 'tis better to be alone than in bad company.

MON.—Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

TUES.—Break not a jest where none take pleasure in mirth; laugh not aloud, nor at all without occasion; deride no man's misfortune, though there seem to be some cause.

WED.—Think before you speak, pronounce not imperfectly nor bring out your words too hastily but orderly and distinctly.

THURS.—Gaze not at the marks or blemishes of others and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend deliver not before others.

FRI.—When you speak of God or his attributes let it be seriously and with words of reverence.

SAT.—Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

—*From George Washington's Rules of Civility.*

The Reverent Child.

O Father mine, e'en as thine own,
This child looks up to Thee alone:
Asleep or waking, give him still
His Elder Brother's wish and will.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

A Story of Abraham Lincoln.

"I never asked him to pardon a soldier or to release one from the army, for good cause, that he did not do it. On one occasion I was at the White House and in the ante-room were scores of people waiting for an opportunity to obtain admission to see the President. At the end of the room sat a gray-headed old man upon the window seat, sobbing as though his heart would break. Moved by compassion I asked his what his trouble was. He said that his darling boy, nineteen years of age, was sentenced to be shot, and he had been waiting two days to see the President but could not get in, and tomorrow noon the boy was to be shot. I asked him to follow me, saying that I would take him in to see the President. He told his story to Mr. Lincoln, who replied with much feeling that he could not do it for the commanding general had just telegraphed him from Fortress Monroe, where the boy was, imploring him to cease interfering with the sentences of courts martial.

But the abundant tears and imploring looks of the old man were too much for the kind-hearted President. He said, "Let the generals telegraph, if they please, but I am going to pardon that young soldier." He immediately sent a dispatch to suspend the execution of the sentence until further orders from him. Thereupon the old man burst out crying afresh, and in a tremulous voice said, "Mr. President, that is not a pardon, it only asks for a suspension until further orders from you." "My dear man," exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, "if your son lives until I order him shot, he will live longer than ever Methusaleh did." The old man departed, invoking blessings upon the head of the good president. *John B. Alley.*

—*From Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice.*

UNITY
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago
Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

$2.00 PER ANNUM.

EDITORS.
JENKIN LLOYD JONES. WILLIAM KENT.
ASSISTANT EDITOR.
EDITH LACKERSTEEN.
EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Jane Addams. Wilson M. Backus. Richard W. Boynton. Frederick W. Burlingham. John W. Chadwick. Francis A. Christie. Joseph H. Crooker. Fred'ck E. Dewhurst. John Faville. George W. Gilmore. Fred. Y. Hawley. Emil Hirsch. Charles W. Pearson. Granville Ross Pike. Henry M. Simmons. Frederick Starr. Joseph Stolz. Hiram W. Thomas. Oscar L. Triggs. R. A. White. E. P. Powell.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

MEADVILLE, PA.—UNITY extends congratulations to the friends of the church and school at Meadville, Pa. They are to receive the services of Rev. W. H. Fish, now pastor of Unity Church at Salt Lake City, Utah. Mr. Fish has met with a successful experience as pastor, east and west; a man of open mind and genial nature. We hope that in coming nearer he will come more actively into the UNITY circle which has always counted him in.

REDLANDS, CAL.—The program for the services of dedication of Unity Church at Redlands, California, is before us. This church was built under the direction of Maxwell Savage, the son of Minot J. Savage, who is at present the pastor of the young society. The dedication hymn was by Robert Collyer; letters of greeting were read from President Eliot, Edward Everett Hale and the pastor's father, who also contributed a hymn of dedication. The following stanzas are from Mr. Collyer's hymn. They fitly represent the high task the church has before it:

The common home of rich and poor,
Of bond and free, and great and small;
Large as Thy love forevermore,
And warm and bright and good to all.

May Thy whole truth be spoken here,
Thy gospel light forever shine,
Thy perfect love cast out all fear,
And human life become divine.

A HAPPY MINISTERIAL FAMILY.—After filling the college town pulpit of the Unitarian Church at Ann Arbor, Michigan, for some seven years, Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Crooker has accepted a unanimous call to the Roslindale Unitarian Church, Boston, which stands about half a mile from the West Roxbury meeting house in which Theodore Parker preached. His wife, Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker, is minister of the Universalist Church at Jamaica Plain (Boston). The two parishes are so near each other that they can easily be served from a common home. Dr. and Mrs. Crooker at present reside at 7 Alveston St., Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass.

Foreign Notes.

PROTESTANTISM IN GERMANY IN 1904.—From articles contributed to *Le Protestant* (Paris) by a Berlin correspondent, at the close of last year, we condense the following survey of German protestanism, tabulating the introductory statistics for readier comparison between the years 1871 and 1900, first for the German empire as a whole, and then for individual states and the imperial capital.

	Protestants.		Catholics.	
	1871.	1900.	1871.	1900.
Germany	25,581,685	35,231,104	14,869,292	20,327,913
Prussia	16,040,750	21,817,577	8,268,206	12,113,670
Bavaria	1,342,592	1,749,206	3,464,364	4,363,178
Saxony	2,493,556	3,972,063	53,642	198,265
Wurtemberg	1,248,860	1,497,299	553,542	650,392
Baden	491,008	704,058	942,560	1,131,639
Alsace-Lorraine	270,251	372,078	1,235,706	1,310,450
Berlin	735,783	1,530,115	51,729	188,440

	Other Christians.		Israelites.	
	1871.	1900.	1871.	1900.
Germany	82,158	203,793	512,153	586,833
Prussia	53,894	139,127	325,559	392,322
Bavaria	5,453	7,607	50,662	54,928
Saxony	4,893	19,103	3,357	12,416
Wurtemberg	3,857	9,426	12,245	11,916
Baden	2,265	5,563	25,703	26,132
Alsace-Lorraine	2,132	4,416	40,918	32,264
Berlin	2,573	14,209	36,020	92,206

Statistics for 1895 and 1900 show 489 and 486 Israelites become protestants; 3,895 and 6,104 catholics become pro-

testants; 15 and 31 protestants become Israelites; 588 and 669 protestants become catholics.

As for mixed marriages, in 1895 there were 278,434, and 56 per cent of the children in protestant-catholic families were brought up as protestants, 44 per cent as catholics. In 1901, in Germany 8.8 per cent of all the marriages, or 41,014, were mixed, 39,115 being between protestants and catholics, 480 between protestants and Israelites, 143 between catholics and Israelites.

When it comes to discussing the activities of the 36 millions who legally, at least, are members of the protestant body, Mr. Urbain observes that it would be necessary to give a report for each of the 26 churches of the 26 German states, for the church has as yet scarcely begun to "imperialize." Though Prussia is the largest state and has the largest church, there are, this correspondent declares, other states of the empire in which protestantism at times shows more life and freshness. There are, moreover, tendencies toward union among all the protestants of the empire.

At the instigation of the Emperor and several of the confederated princes, there was formed, in 1903, the *Deutsch-Evangelischer Kirchenausschuss,* which held its first session on Luther's anniversary, November 11, 1903. Its president, chosen by acclamation, was Mr. Voigts of Berlin, president of the Upper Consistory of Prussia; the vice-president was Mr. Von Kelber of Munich. Its first resolution, publicly adopted at a meeting in Dresden in February, 1904, was a letter of congratulation to the British and Foreign Bible Society on the occasion of its jubilee.

In April, 1904, the *Ausschuss* concerned itself with the repeal of the law against the Jesuits, taking sides against the imperial government.

It was soon seen that this union of church governments should give place to a union of the official synods. What is desired is an official synod for the empire. The first steps to that end were taken last summer. The liberals, always in the minority, were not enthusiastic, seeing their influence in the synods reduced to almost nothing; and there were other difficulties in the way.

Two conferences having a common end but different points of view were held in October. At Leipzig 60 pastors and laymen formed a Free Evangelical German Conference, while at Worms 700 synodists of the empire (out of 36,600) met on invitation of a committee from Frankfort-on-the-Main and organized a Free Association of Evangelical Synods.

It remains to be seen what will come of these two undertakings, one of which seeks to rouse the attention of those in control of affairs, while the other hopes to attain its end by means of popular demonstrations. Probably success will come in one way or another, the ultramontane danger demanding the organization of a German church.

Meawhile the *Evangelischer Bund* (not to be confounded with the Evangelical alliance) has assumed the task of defending protestant interests against the growing power of ultramontanism. This organization, formed after the *Kulturkampf,* in 1887, now has a membership of 230,000 and is growing in consequence of the law favoring the Jesuits. Though criticised in some quarters for confessional laxity, the *Bund,* directed in a really broad spirit, is popular in all parts of the empire. On the 1[illegible] of October, it too held a conference at Dresden, and the Saxons, though their royal family is catholic, gave it a most enthusiastic reception.

The great question is how to bring the principles of the *Bund* to bear on politics. The number of voters, who would compel parliamentary deputies to make themselves mouthpieces of a protestant policy, is increasing and this party may soon have the ascendancy in the *Bund.*

The well-known *Gustav-Adolf-Verein,* which has been carrying on its great work of evangelical charity since 1832, held its three days' general conference at Heidelberg in September. Delegates from every part of Germany, and indeed from all over the world, were there, more than 3,000 in number, to bring or to receive gifts for the poor protestant communities of the *Diaspora,* without regard to language or country. In 1903 this *Verein* received 2,353,000 marks, and distributed as gifts: 81,768 m. in Germany, 618,721 m. in Austria-Hungary, 158,340 m. in other countries. Austria especially, in consequence of the *Los von Rome* movement, has asked and received unusual amounts for the building of new churches. The *Gustav-Adolf-Verein* collects funds for the building of churches, chapels and protestant schools in the *Diaspora,* for the clothing of poor children, and for increasing the salaries of underpaid pastors and professors of theology.

Two smaller societies, having similar aims within narrower limits are the *Gotteskasten,* aiding exclusively orthodox Lutheran communities, and the *Gesellschaft zur Ausbreitung des Christentums.* These, in their way, do much good in Germany and abroad.

Of the "Inner Mission" it would be impossible to enumerate all the gatherings and activities designed to promote practical Christianity among the 36 millions of German protestants, and to spread the Gospel and Christian love where the churches alone cannot reach. Impossible too to report the sums dispensed by the Inner Mission. Its 32d conference was held in Brunswick in September, 1903. The liberals were but feebly represented.

The social idea has given the Inner Mission greater breadth of view and the Evangelical Social Congress, meeting annually since 1889, includes scholars, pastors and the laity of both sexes. The well-known Prof. Harnack is its president and ensures for it public attention. The 15th congress, assembled in May, at Breslau, was welcomed by both the state and municipal authorities. Prof. Trœbtsch, of Heidelberg, delivered an address on Christian ethics and modern society; pastor von Brœcker, of Halle, spoke on the religious crisis among the modern working-classes; pastor Traub, of Dortmund, on labor organization and its influence on personality; others took up social reform, the condition of working women, etc. In the discussions, professors of social economy exchanged views with practical manufacturers and workmen. The published proceedings of this congress are well worth study, for among its 850 members are some of the men most capable of judging on these really burning questions.

A dogmatic schism occurred in this conference in 1894, when ex-court-preacher Stœcker, with his adherents, formed the *Freie Kirchlich-Sociale Konferenz,* to unite the orthodox elements on a truly evangelical basis. As these conferences do not rise to a scientific level and as Mr. Stœcker easily gathers about him his political friends—he is head of the Christion-socialist party—it is easy to see why the 9th annual meeting, at Hagen, Westphalia, April, 1904, brought together more than 2,600 members. It does for the people the great service of interesting in social questions many pastors and laymen who incline to the conservative side in matters of religion and politics. Mr. Stœcker has also succeeded in drawing into this circle some representatives of pietist communities, who in general prefer mutual edification among themselves to any concern about what is going on in the outside world "given over to the Devil." This conference also accomplishes much work of practical value. This year it has organized a bureau of social information, it has study courses on social questions and has created funds for the construction of homes for workmen and minor employes. It supports a well-edited organ, *Kirchlich sociale Blaetter,* and distributes leaflets. Here are some of the topics treated at the Hagen meeting: A strong Christianity the salvation of the church of the Reformation; immoral literature; religious instruction and ethical instruction; development of the working class; the social question and the General Synod in Prussia, etc.

The writer thinks that Social Democracy has had not a little to do with rousing the church to these various forms of social activity; that materialism and the philosophy of Marx are nearing the limit of their influence even among socialists; that religion is ceasing even for them to be a merely "private matter" and that they are beginning once more to respect religion and Christianity.

But little space remains for the pastors associations of which he speaks. These date from 1890, the first being formed in the grand-duchy of Hesse. To-day there are 30 such groups with 11,200 members, or 64 per cent of all the pastors in Germany. Several of these local groups formed themselves into a union which now consists of 25 associations with 8,800 members and the movement is growing without a fixed program and in spite of divergencies on theological and social questions. The first general pastors' conference was held at Posen in 1904. Its voice was against the Jesuits and in favor of the confessional school. The attitude in regard to a social policy was not over enthusiastic, but sympathetic. M. E. H.

Clearance Book Sale

During January and February we will offer some standard books at prices below cost. Send for Annual Clearance List.

The Pilgrim Press
175 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Winter in California

Save Money—Get Well

Three months of California mid-winter sunshine is like adding three years to one's life.

Out there it's real living, not mere existence. Your blood circulates better, your appetite becomes keener, you sleep better and breathe deeper.

You can go from Chicago to San Francisco, first class, for $62.50; sleeper $14. Second class, $52.50, and if you care for comfort without style, a double berth in a "tourist sleeper" costs you only $7. Second class tickets are good in tourist sleeping cars. By using the tourist sleeper you save enough money to prolong your stay in California a couple of weeks. There's nothing "second class" about the tourist sleepers, except the upholstering and finish. They're clean, comfortable, sanitary. Remember the route—the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

in connection with the Union Pacific Railroad. The Overland Limited leaves Union Passenger Station, Chicago, 6:05 p. m. and arrives in San Francisco 6:20 p. m. the third day.

The California Express, with tourist sleeping cars to San Francisco, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, leaves at 10:25 p. m., and takes a few hours longer to make the run. If you would be interested in additional information about rates, routes and train service, kindly fill out this coupon and mail to-day to above address.

Tickets and information **F. A. MILLER, Gen. Pass. Agt. Chicago.**

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....State.....

Probable Destination.....

VERY LOW RATES

Southwest

VIA THE

WABASH

Feb. 7 and 21, and March 7 and 21,

THE WABASH

will sell special homeseekers' tickets from Chicago to many points in Texas, Louisiana, Kansas, Indian and Oklahoma Territories, at $20 for the round trip. Limit, three weeks from date of sale.

For maps, time card and full particulars, address any of the undersigned.

T. P. SCOTT, Gen'l Agt., Milwaukee, Wis.
R. S. GREENWOOD, M. P. Agt., Chicago.
F. A. PALMER, A. G. P. Agt., Chicago.
C. S. CRANE, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis.

ATHLETES

TO KEEP IN GOOD TRIM MUST LOOK WELL TO THE CONDITION OF THE SKIN. TO THIS END THE BATH SHOULD BE TAKEN WITH

HAND SAPOLIO

All Grocers and Druggists

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

ONLY ⅓ OF A DAY

BETWEEN

CHICAGO

AND

CINCINNATI

VIA THE

MONON ROUTE

and C. H. & D. Ry.

Choice of 4 Superb Trains Daily.

DAY TRAINS Equipped with Parlor and Dining Cars.

NIGHT TRAIN, with Palace Sleeping and Compartment Cars.

CHAS. H. ROCKWELL, Traffic Manager. FRANK J. REED, Gen. Pass. Agt.

200 Custom House Place, CHICAGO.

Double daily train service to New Orleans. Send for a free descriptive booklet.

Connects with Southern Pacific Steamship leaving at 2.00 p. m. every Saturday for Havana. Send for free illustrated folder on Cuba.

Through tickets, rates, etc., of I. C. R. R. agents and those of connecting lines.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., CHICAGO.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, **New York**

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.